Chapter—5

Lady Chatterley’s Lovers
The Resurrection and Awakening

Lady Chatterley's Lover begins by introducing Connie Reid, the female protagonist of the novel. She was raised as a cultured bohemian of the upper-middle class, and was introduced to love affairs--intellectual and sexual liaisons--as a teenager. In 1917, at 23, she marries Clifford Chatterley, the scion of an aristocratic line. After a month's honeymoon, he is sent to war, and returns paralyzed from the waist down, impotent. After the war, Clifford becomes a successful writer, and many intellectuals flock to the Chatterley mansion, Wragby. Connie feels isolated; the vaunted intellectuals prove empty and bloodless, and she resorts to a brief and dissatisfying affair with a visiting playwright, Michaelis. Connie longs for real human contact, and falls into despair, as all men seem scared of true feelings and true passion. There is a growing distance between Connie and Clifford, who has retreated into the meaningless pursuit of success in his writing and in his obsession with coal-mining, and towards whom Connie feels a deep physical aversion. A nurse, Mrs. Bolton, is hired to take care of the handicapped Clifford so that Connie can be more independent, and
Clifford falls into a deep dependence on the nurse, his manhood fading into an infantile reliance.

Into the void of Connie's life comes Oliver Mellors, the gamekeeper on Clifford's estate, newly returned from serving in the army. Mellors is aloof and derisive, and yet Connie feels curiously drawn to him by his innate nobility and grace, his purposeful isolation, his undercurrents of natural sensuality. After several chance meetings in which Mellors keeps her at arm's length, reminding her of the class distance between them, they meet by chance at a hut in the forest, where they have sex. This happens on several occasions, but still Connie feels a distance between them, remaining profoundly separate from him despite their physical closeness.

One day, Connie and Mellors meet by coincidence in the woods, and they have sex on the forest floor. This time, they experience simultaneous orgasms. This is a revelatory and profoundly moving experience for Connie; she begins to adore Mellors, feeling that they have connected on some deep sensual level. She is proud to believe that she is pregnant with Mellors' child: he is a real, "living" man, as opposed to the emotionally-dead intellectuals and the dehumanized industrial workers. They grow progressively closer,
connecting on a primordial physical level, as woman and man rather than as two minds or intellects.

Connie goes away to Venice for a vacation. While she is gone, Mellors' old wife returns, causing a scandal. Connie returns to find that Mellors has been fired as a result of the negative rumors spread about him by his resentful wife, against whom he has initiated divorce proceedings. Connie admits to Clifford that she is pregnant with Mellors' baby, but Clifford refuses to give her a divorce. The novel ends with Mellors working on a farm, waiting for his divorce, and Connie living with her sister, also waiting: the hope exists that, in the end, they will be together.

This is the brief summary of the novel just to facilitate the understanding. *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* treats numerous aspects of life including sexual purpose and various aspects of this urge. It's probably this novel which is mainly responsible for the popular image of Lawrence as a writer who deals with sexual themes and celebrates the life of the instincts against the suppressive forces of so-called civilized society.

Contrary to popular opinion *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* is not a documentation of erotic sexuality. Lawrence, in a letter to Harriet Monroe, outlines the main focus of the novel:
It is a nice and tender phallic novel—not a sex novel in the ordinary sense of the word....I sincerely believe in restoring the other, the phallic consciousness into our lives: because it is the source of all real beauty, and all real gentleness. And those are the two things, tenderness and beauty, which will save us from horrors.... And in my novel I work for them directly, and direct from the phallic consciousness, which you understand, is not the cerebral sex-consciousness, but something really deeper, and the root of poetry lived or sung.¹

It should be noted, here, that nothing in Lawrence has been more problematical, perhaps, than the "phallic consciousness" that has been the target of so many feminists. This "phallic" terminology has been misunderstood to refer exclusively to a male force. In fact, however, it is a means to achieve balance between the male and female and between faculties that would otherwise be opposites. Lawrence addresses the idea of regeneration for the individual person, and England as a whole, through a proper sexual connection—which must also include a soul union. This coupling
should even restore “the park of Eden”. He sees the phallus as “the connecting link between the two rivers”—the blood of man and woman—“that establishes the two streams in a oneness, and gives out of their duality a single circuit, forever”. It is through this union of equilibrium, then, that the fragmented will be made whole. The phallus, when it is in harmony with its true partner (not dominating or overpowering that partner), becomes the key to finding true balance. In other words Lawrence has written a ‘Phallic’ novel dealing with awakening to ‘Phallic consciousness.’

In *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, Lawrence asks, "What is sex really?"² His answer, at least partially, relies on his knowledge of eastern philosophies and his particular use of ‘Kundalini’. He finds that "We can never say, satisfactorily. But we know so much: we know that it is a dynamic polarity between human beings, and a circuit of force always flowing."³ He defines coition as a "great psychic experience, a vital experience of tremendous importance."⁴ Therefore, sex in the Laurentian sense is an exchange of energy. He says that we all know it to include a "functional purpose of procreation," but this exchange of energy between the bodies is the most important part. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* explores what happens when this ‘dynamic polarity between human beings’ is absent.
Lawrence had, at the time of writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a realization that his novel might have the devastating impact upon the reading public of his day and age. However, he was prepared to defend his novel tooth and nail. In a letter to Rolf Gardiner he says,

... I protest against it being labeled sex. Sex is a mental reaction now a days, and a hopelessly cerebral affair: what I believe in is the true phallic consciousness.... The book must be read—it's a bomb, but to the living, a flood of urge—and I must sell it.\(^5\)

In *Lady Chatterley's Lover* an attempt has been made to express, in a very artistic manner, the process of awakening experienced by his female character, Connie. The novel was not merely a criticism of the prevalent moral and sexual hypocrisy but was a bold step to uncover the feminine sexual urges—defiant naked and vulnerable. Undoubtedly it is a rare and frank documentation of female sexuality.

In fact, Lawrence was aware of the mass hysteria and neurosis gripping the modern world and he found the only viable escape in the ‘tenderness’ between a man and a woman. *Lady Chatterley* unable to maintain the rigorous and sneering standards
of her 'social milieu' prefers being ‘just a woman.’ The man responsible for awakening Connie out of her trance like sleep is Mellors—the game keeper. Lawrence does not hold a brief for men of the lower social orders. All he allows is that being closer to the instinctual life they could be capable of a freer and franker self expression. Lawrence is however, aware of the degrading effects of the mechanical principle. Mellors is increasingly being seen as a symbolic figure—the natural man, anthropomorphic—an embodiment of elemental passion and energy. In a sense Mellors has a single dimension. He serves as an outlet for Constance Chatterley—a vehicle of male potency.

As we have seen earlier Constance Chatterley is married to the amateur novelist turned industrialist Sir Clifford. After a brief honeymoon, Clifford visits Flanders: to be "shipped over to England again six months later, more or less in bits."! His hold on life being resolute he recovers but the lower half of his body, from the hips down, is paralysed forever. The paralysis of Clifford, rendering him impotent would seem inadvertently symbolic. In “Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover” Lawrence defines Clifford as a man who had lost all touch with his fellowmen and women except for purposes of usage. He is cold and calculating having lost the
warmth of life. Replying to a question regarding the symbolic interpretation of Clifford, Lawrence writes:

As to whether the ‘symbolism’ is intentional— I don't know. Certainly not in the beginning when Clifford was created. When I created Clifford and Connie, I had no idea what they were or why they were. They just came, pretty as much as they are. But the novel was written, from start to finish, three times. And when I read the first version, I recognized that the lameness of Clifford was symbolic of the paralysis, the deeper emotional or passional paralysis, of most men of his sort and class today...⁶

Clifford devoid of the warmth of life views his fellowmen as also his wife Connie as a commodity whose only value is in her utility.

The portrayal of the character of Clifford is very important as of the inmates and social circle of Wragby Hall and the industrial village of Tevershall. Taken collectively they represent the principle of ‘death-in-life’. They also represent according to Julian Moynahan: The "entire industrial, social and even spiritual
orders dominant in the modern world, more specially in twentieth-century England." In other words, what we have is a revealing picture of decadence—the modern ‘Wasteland’.

The clue to the malady afflicting Clifford and the intellectual circle at Wragby Hall can be traced to Lawrence's essay *Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover* Lawrence speaks of the modes of perception:

There are many ways of knowing, there are many sorts of knowledge. But the two ways of knowing, for man, are knowing in terms of apartness, which is, mental, rational, scientific, and knowing in terms of togetherness which is religious and poetic...

We must note that the intellectual circle of Wragby Hall leaves Lady Chatterley cold. On the personal front Clifford fails to satisfy the feminine urge of Connie. He is chronically unable to ‘love’. It is not merely a physical paralysis but a deeper psychic impotency. According to Lawrence relationship is threefold:

First, there is the relation to the living universe. Then comes the relation of man to woman. Then comes the relation of man to
man. And each is a blood relationship, not mere spirit or mind.\(^9\)

The tragedy of the modern world, however, is that ‘living relationships’ have been replaced by dead, non vital abstractions:

We have abstracted the universe into matter and force, we have abstracted men and women into separate personalities—personalities being isolated units, incapable of togetherness—so that all three great relationships are bodiless dead.\(^{10}\)

Thus, we see that Clifford the epitome of the ‘abstracted man’ enjoys the illusion of life but does not ‘live’ in any sense of the word. Since Clifford is unable to ‘live in himself,’ he depends solely upon Constance, drawing from her those vital energies which sustain her being. What he absorbs from her, by way of energy is not utilized in any constructive way. Constance fails to ‘make a man’ of him in a way which only a ‘Mrs. Bolton’ can. Clifford remains paralysed and parasitic.

Another noteworthy point in this context is that Clifford’s reasons for marrying Constance are far from the instinctual life. He shows the typical bourgeois calculation while assessing the value of
a wife. "A man needed to have an anchor in the safe world. A man needed a wife." While Clifford is prepared to settle down to matrimony, he is unable or unwilling to give in to its demands. Clifford fighting shy of any physical contact is a far cry from the Laurentian ideal. The only reality for Lawrence was the marvel of being alive in the flesh. To achieve this the vital contact—‘togetherness’ between a man and woman was essential. The crucial experience of relatedness is above all encompassed in a sexual experience with a woman. The importance of physical contact for Lawrence can be summed up in the words of Julian Moynahan:

For Lawrence touch is a more powerful mode of connectedness than sight, because sex is, in sensory and emotional terms, a stronger experience of connection than any other. We must note here that the interests of Clifford were altogether different from those of Connie. He was not interested in a "blood" contact with his wife even before his paralysis, which possibility was precluded naturally enough after his accident. Their intimacy was just that of any two people not vitally connected. They were above and beyond "sex" closeted together in their mental abstractions. They were intimate as two people who stand together on a sinking ship. He had been a virgin when he married and the
sex part did not mean much to him. They were so close, he and she, apart from that and Connie exulted a little in their intimacy which was beyond sex, and beyond a man's satisfaction:

He had been virgin when he married: and the sex part did not mean much to him. . . . Clifford anyhow was not just keen on his "satisfaction," as so many men seemed to be. No, the intimacy was deeper, more personal than that. And sex was merely an accident or an adjunct, one of the curious obsolete processes which persisted in its own clumsiness, but was not really necessary.  

We see here that the marriage of Clifford and Connie stands entirely different from the Laurentian concept on this issue. Marriage which fulfills itself is, for Lawrence, the sole mystery of the universe. "The great saints only live, even Jesus only lives to add a new fulfillment and a new beauty to the permanent sacrament of marriage." He however emphasizes the true phallic quality of marriage. A marriage is no marriage unless it is basically and permanently phallic. This phallic quality links the union between a man and women to the greater universe; to the rhythm of the days and months and years and also to the planets and the sun and moon.
Related to the Laurentian ideal of marriage is the concept of "blood-consciousness". Lawrence believed in "blood-consciousness" that we may go wrong in our minds but what the "blood" tells is always true. Therefore "Marriage is no marriage that is not a correspondence of blood." All knowledge stems from the "blood", it is the substance of the soul, and of the deepest consciousness. Lawrence felt that the blood was the sole contact between a man and a woman. Human beings were made up of blood. The internal organs all throb to the rhythm of the blood. Unlike cerebral perception which is divided blood knowledge is one and undivided. Sexual contact between a man and a woman enables two great rivers of blood to "touch" and "renew" each other.

The phallus is a column of blood that fills the valley of blood of a woman. The great river of male blood touches to its depths the great river of female blood — yet neither breaks its bounds. It is the deepest of all communications, as all the religions, in practice, know.

So the reason for failure of Clifford and Constance’s marriage can be directly related to the absence of the blood correspondence. In fact, there is no correspondence of the blood.
Clifford formerly unwilling and later unable to give into the urges of the "blood" is content to leave Constance in her state of "demi-urge." He is free to create for himself a pattern of abstractions with work. He attempts to fill the void between him and his wife with a shallow authorical pretence. Clifford remains content with his hypocritical substitutes for a flesh and blood marriage. Constance drifts helplessly about in her "matter-of-fact" marriage, wedded more to a "figure of speech" than a "living man."

Further, Clifford a sort of ‘mechanical man’, embodies in his person the realm of "non-existence and nothingness". The innate evil and crafty nature of an intrinsically selfish man makes Clifford a brilliant businessman. As an industrialist he is able to draw more and more men into his web of abstractions. He remains the living embodiment of the mechanical principle which Lawrence abhorred. The metamorphosis in Clifford from an essentially weak clinging sort of man to the brutal industrialist is aptly described:

But now that Clifford was drifting off to this other weirdness of industrial activity, becoming almost a creature, with a hard efficient shell of an exterior and a pulpy interior, one of the amazing crabs and lobsters of the modern industrial and
financial world, invertebrates of the crustacean order, with shells of steel, like machines, and inner bodies of soft-pulp.\textsuperscript{17}

In fact, the central evil of the modern world, according to Lawrence, is this widening gap between the outer and inner man. There is yet another aspect of the Clifford-Constance relationship which has to be understood. While Clifford is able to become a “husband of sorts,” he is intrinsically unable to relate to the “woman”. Lawrence on the contrary was not interested in what a woman thinks or feels. Her opinions and affiliations were of no consequence to him. He only wanted to plumb the depths, unveil the mystery of what a "woman is" in all her female nakedness and beauty. Clifford like most men of his sort was unable to accept a woman without moulding her into an acceptable pattern. Constance realizes that she was not a woman, let alone a human being in her own right. She had no substance, no touch, no contact. Her only link with life was her life with Clifford. She remained a hostess to the invitees of Wragby Hall—having lost all touch with reality. She remained contented with the appearance of reality:

Time went on. Whatever happened, nothing happened, because she was so beautifully out of contact. She and Clifford lived in
their ideas and his books. She entertained...there always people in the house. Time went on as the clock does, half past eight instead of seven.\textsuperscript{18}

In such an environment living from the vital centres of life is not possible. So Constance Chatterley had ceased to “live”. She merely existed.

Clifford is willing to let his wife have a child by another man, provided he belonged to the elite and socially acceptable circles. That she would prefer a man of a lower social order is unacceptable. In other words, so long as Constance remains wedded to her dead self (Clifford) she remains a true and honourable wife. The minute she ventures forth into the unknown in search of a "living" man she becomes a "fallen woman." The double standards and social duplicity are exposed by Lawrence in his essay “On Being a Man”:

We marry from the known self, taking the woman as an extension of our known self. And then, almost invariably, comes the jolt and crucifixion. The woman of the known self is fair and lovely. But the woman of the dark blood looks, to man, most malignant
and horrific. In the same way, the fair
daytime man of courtship days leave nothing
to be desired. But the husband, horrified by
the serpent advised Eve of the blood, obtuse
and arrogant in his Adam obstinacy, is an
enemy pure and simple.\textsuperscript{19}

Thus Lawrence realised that there were few men who
would accept a woman as she "is". A woman is trapped within the
preconceived notions of a man and denied her feminine validity.

The worth mentioning point, here is this; despite the fact
that Clifford and Connie are able to experience a sense of
intellectual intimacy and fulfillment as a couple (for a time), they
are utterly devoid of any physical connection. Ironically enough,
Clifford later states that sex between a man and woman “perfects
this intimacy”.\textsuperscript{20} Though he cannot have sex in our "traditional"
sense, he might still have some corporeal intimacy with Connie, yet
he doesn't even reach out to her physically: "He never even took her
hand and held it kindly."\textsuperscript{21} Adamowski finds that a caress becomes
the “ritual agent of transfiguration, moving along the ‘grossly
undifferentiated’ parts of the body in order to reach the presence of
incarnated consciousness”.\textsuperscript{22} Because touch is a driving force that
compels change, Clifford, unfortunately, remains lost; his too-
mental world doesn't allow bodies to touch. Ironically, Mrs. Bolton's later physical ministration is cast in a negative key. In his world, only the spirits or minds can touch and, in Lawrence's world, this is not enough. Clifford has only one single idea of sex and carnal connection; he cannot imagine other ways to have similar physical fulfillment.

This failure of imagination, too, is ironic because it is this very subject of sex that seems to be a favorite topic of conversation with his intellectual buddies. Their discussions make them all seem sexually progressive, espousing the idea of sex as a natural progression from conversation. In these talks, their intellectual life seems to move seamlessly into a sensual life. In practice, however, their theory is oddly removed from reality. Tommy Dukes, for instance, advocates the importance of intelligence coexisting with warmth of heart and sexual intimacy. Nevertheless, he admits his inability to exude this warmth and to take this open approach— much like Clifford's inability to unite his mind and body. Tommy's saving grace is his honesty and desire to engage with the truth.

In the light of Lawrence's ideas on the mistake of making sex too mental, the group's shortcomings are not surprising. In the "Birth of Sex" chapter of Fantasia of the Unconscious, for example, Lawrence states, "to translate sex into mental ideas is vile." These
characters' discussions and behavior only graphically illustrate this fact. In the same section of *Fantasia*, Lawrence also states that one must truly "believe" in one's ideals and "surrender individuality" to become whole: "But once a man, in the integrity of his own individual soul, *believes*, he surrenders his own individuality to his belief, and becomes one of a united body".\textsuperscript{24} Here again, we see how all these characters in Lady Chatterley's Lover, including Clifford, fail to surrender their egos.

Even Clifford's own literature is incapable of striking the balance between mind and body. The novel's Chapter IX, says David J. Gordon;

\begin{quote}
\ldots speaks of the power of 'the novel properly handled' to 'reveal the most secret places of life.' And it is clear from this chapter that the properly handled novel must in our time attempt not only to evoke a pristine consciousness but to repudiate an old one through satirical particularity. In short both kinds of intercourse are required.\textsuperscript{25}
\end{quote}

Definitely, Clifford's literature is reflective of his life's failure. It is only so many words. Like his life, Clifford's interests and writings seem incapable of evoking "pristine consciousness." Gordon
continues, "In the endless play of the mind, the physical and verbal aspects of consciousness, though never identical, cannot be separated." Lawrence understands this, and tries to use Clifford's ineffectiveness as an example for his readers. Clifford is ineffective not because he is physically paralyzed, but because he does not understand this concept of holistic faculties. He always lives in the verbal—without regard for the physical—and tries to keep these worlds separate instead of understanding how they must work together.

In one of the most telling scenes in the novel Clifford actually fights against his impairment. As he and Connie are out for a walk in the woods, his wheelchair becomes stuck on a sharp incline. Rather than ask for help (because his pride won't let him), he insists on getting the wheelchair up the incline on its own power. He continues to fight with it until he is practically thrown from the chair:

The chair charged in a sick lurch sideways at the ditch. . . . But the keeper had got the chair by the rail. Clifford, however, putting on all his pressure, managed to steer in to the riding, and with a strange noise the chair was fighting the hill. Mellors pushed steadily
behind, and up she went, as if to retrieve herself.\textsuperscript{27}

Instead of working with this vehicle and with those around him—connecting to both living things and the technological advances that can help make his life more normal—he fights against it all. And as T.H. Adamowski notes in \textit{The Natural Flowering of Life}, “humans feel the distance between them as something to overcome, but one must overcome, Lawrence insists, without denying the body”\textsuperscript{28}. Therefore, in order for Clifford to prevail in making this connection to Connie and the world, he must work with and not against his disability, most represented here by the wheelchair itself.

This hatred of, or inability to accept, certain technological advances gracefully is quite ironic in the light of Clifford's earlier statements regarding the breeding of babies in bottles. He seems to accept technology only when it replaces any human, physical contact, or subverts connection of emotion to physical sensations. He has no problem treating the mineworkers like machines, demanding that they work long hours for little pay in unsafe conditions. He is extremely mechanical and rigid in his relationship with them. At one point;  

He began to read again his technical works on the coal-mining industry . . . .It was far
more interesting than art, than literature, poor emotional, half-witted stuff, was this technical science of industry.\textsuperscript{29}

That he would rather read this sterile, abstract reading than literature that might emotionally touch him is further proof of his absolute imprisonment in this world of words and industry. And, as an almost physically mechanical being himself—his wheelchair being an extension of his lower half—Clifford, then, is the machine that Lawrence and Mellors so fear. Lawrence's narrator employs this metaphor in no uncertain terms, saying:

. . . Clifford was drifting off to this other weirdness of industrial activity, becoming almost suddenly changed into a creature with a hard, efficient shell of an exterior and a pulpy interior, one of the amazing crabs and lobsters of the modern financial world, ... with shells of steel, like machines...\textsuperscript{30}

In the Lawrentian sense, Clifford is indeed lost, with no sign of redemption.

While Clifford is unable to accept the rationale of a pure and healthy relationship; he is at home with the perversity of his relationship with Mrs. Bolton. Julian Moynahan comments:
From the pulp of his inner self emanate just two vibrations— an impulse of self assertion and a contradictory impulse of terrified dependency."\textsuperscript{31}

Clifford's degradation and degeneration is dealt with in all its hideous and monstrous detail. Lawrence seems to take almost an artistic delight in presenting his readers with a nauseating picture of moral decadence. The macabre horror brought about all the more by the contrast between the outer and inner man:

After this, Clifford became like a child with Mrs. Bolton. He would hold her hand, and rest, his head on her breast and when she lightly kissed him, he said: "Yes! Do kiss me! Do kiss me. !" And when she sponged his great blond body, he would say the same: "Do kiss me!" and she would lightly kiss his body, anywhere, half in mockery. And he lay with a queer, blank face like a child. And he would gaze on her with wide, childish eyes, in relaxation of Madonna—worship.\textsuperscript{32}

On her part Mrs. Bolton was both thrilled and ashamed of this relationship. She both loved and hated it. She is the Magna
Mater full of power and potency. While he degenerates to the child—man full of wonderment, religious exultation even. The amazing result of this intimacy of perversity is that Clifford the "child—man" emerges in the external world a shrewd businessman inhuman and calculating. Clifford, half man, half machine—a "mechanical centaur" rules over a dead kingdom—the dehumanized men of the Village of Tevershall. Men and Master alike have lost the will to live and are "alive" only in so far as they are motivated by the mechanical principle.

In such a barren world of Clifford Constance Chatterley became instinctively dormant. "She was being crushed to death by weird lies and by the amazing cruelty of idiocy"33 So she must be awakened out of her trance—like state. Before her marriage to Clifford Constance and her sister Hilda had their tentative love affairs. All awakening keeping in mind the Laurentian doctrine is essentially and primarily sexual. However, the prerequisite factor to an understanding of the Laurentian concept of sexual awakening is the distinction between "blood desire" and "Modern Sex." In his early novel Sons and Lovers Lawrence outlines the central importance of sexual life. Paul Morel in one of his conversations with Miriam tells her:
It's so hard to say, but the something big and intense that changes you when you really come together with somebody else. It almost seems to fertilize your soul and make it that you can go and mature.\textsuperscript{34}

Thus, for Lawrence sexual awakening is a sort of baptism of the soul. Lawrence has been frequently misunderstood for his constant and verbal harping upon Sex. He is, however, quick to defend his stand. What he was getting at was the ‘positive blood desire’ as against ‘modern Sex’ which is a pure matter of nerves, cold and bloodless. Sex born of blood contact and blood sympathy is a vivifying experience.

While Constance Chatterley who dominates the latter half of the novel is, initially, a rather naive girl, inclined to treat sex with the traditional prudishness. For her intimacy with a man was limited to the mind: “It was the talk that mattered supremely: the impassioned interchange of talk. Love was only a minor accompaniment.”\textsuperscript{35} Since the men were so humble and craving the women yielded themselves. A woman could, however, yield to a man without yielding her “inner, free self”. A woman could, take a man without really giving her ‘self’ away. The relation between the sexes becomes one of utility. The man becomes in the ultimate
analysis the ‘tool’ of the woman. Men and women could come together on the mental plane—in subtle and intimate arguments;

The love-making and connection was viewed as a sort of primitive reversion—a bit of an anti-climax. One was less in love with the boy afterwards, and a little inclined to hate him, as if he had trespassed on one's privacy and inner freedom.36

Apparently this brings us to yet another drawback in the man-woman relationship. Lawrence was aware of the sexual revulsion gripping the sexes. He was aware of the fact that part of the neurosis gripping the Modern Age had its origin in sexual revulsion. In his essay “Men Must Work and Women as Well” Lawrence points out that "The sexes can't stand one another."37 While they are at ease as spiritual or personal creatures they cannot stand the "flesh and blood" contact. In other words, the modern age has cultivated sexual revulsion—brought it to a nicety, perfected it to an art—almost. Nudity is merely a non-physical flaunting of the body.

In keeping with this attitude Clifford and Constance attempt to keep their marriage going. She is however aware that her marriage to Clifford is merely a continuation of her identification
with the demi-monde. Her chances of meeting a "real" man was becoming more and more remote by the day. Clifford brings the fashionable literati, a tedious crowd of “highly mental gentleman” to his home. Amongst them is a playwright called Michaelis, a man who had to all purposes prostituted himself to the "Bitch-Goddess" of success. He remained half-humble, half defiant. This "specimen" is the only alternative left to Constance other than her husband. Lady Chatterley's experience with Michaelis is important in so far as it is a study in negative sexuality. Constance Chatterley though mentally prepared to accept the rigours imposed upon her by her position, is defeated by her libido:

Connie was aware, however of a growing restlessness. . . . Out of her disconnection, a restlessness was taking possession of her like madness. It twitched her limbs when she didn't want to twitch them, it jerked her spine when she didn't want to jerk upright but preferred to rest comfortably. It thrilled inside her body, in her womb, somewhere, till she felt she must jump into water and swim to get away from it; a mad restlessness. It made her
heart beat violently for no reason. And she was getting thinner. . . .

Connie had attempted to defraud the life of the body and it was getting its own back at her. Given to Connie's early history of emancipated, pre-war, mildly Bohemian young womanhood, she singles Michael out as the “outsider”. She feels curiously akin to him; "Connie felt a sudden, strange leap of sympathy for him, a leap mingled with repulsion amounting almost to love." While she gives in to her desire for Michaelis, he leaves her curiously dissatisfied:

He roused in the woman, a wild sort of compassion and yearning, and a wild physical desire. The physical desire he did not satisfy her; he was always come and finished so quickly, then shrinking down on her breast, and recovering somewhat his effrontery while she lay dazed, disappointed, lost.

Michaelis being an "incomplete" lover, Connie learns to get her satisfaction out of him in spite of his passivity. He was generous allowing her pleasure. However, she is unable to break
down the "external" man in him. The barriers between the man and woman remain. The "inner" man is never exposed to the woman.

In spite of the fact that there is no real contact between them Connie is willing to continue her sham relationship with Michaelis and Michaelis is ready to oblige:

She still wanted the physical sensual thrill she could get with him by her own activity....And he still wanted to give it to her. Which was enough to keep them connected.41

Unfortunately, their relationship is however doomed, a failure. If Clifford embodied in his person the dead principle, Michaelis no less symbolized a man chronically unable to ‘love’. He was unable to lose his separate identity in a fusion—a blood of togetherness. Connie never understood him but loved him after her own fashion. Her love has little chance to deepen because all the time she was aware of his "hopelessness in her". She could not love in hopelessness. While he being hopeless could not ever "love at all."42

Michaelis, however, is prepared to give Constance her sexual satisfaction. He is even prepared to marry her and Constance
in her trance-like state is prepared to admit him. He had awakened the latent sexuality lying dormant in her. Constance never positively desires Michaelis but since he had aroused her slumbering sexual self she is prepared to love him for it. “. . .almost that night she loved him, and wanted to marry him.”43 While he is willing to allow her a measure of freedom—pleasure even he finally berates her rather brutally for making him a passive instrument for her active pleasure: “But I'm darned if hanging on waiting for a woman to go off is much of a game for a man.”44 This verbal assault on her sexually vulnerable self nearly destroys Constance Chatterley: “Her whole sexual feeling for him, or for any man, collapsed that night, her life fell apart from his as completely as if he had never existed.”45 Alastair Niven, points out the crux of the problem:

Connie's relationship with Michaelis makes her aware again of her sexual being, which she had kept subjugated since marriage; yet it makes her strangely detached and discontented, since Michaelis seems to want from it only the swift success of consummation with no obligation to the spirit. He has no regard for Connie herself, no tenderness....46
Constance Chatterley, after her traumatic and somewhat sordid affair with Machaelis, is left with a great drift towards “nothingness” which is in its way, a drift towards death Lady Chatterly has to be awakened out of this condition of “death-in-life”. We must note that Oliver Mellors, responsible for this transformation, is symbolic of the organic way of life which redeems Lady Chatterley. In _The Deed of Life_ Julian Moynahan outlines the symbolic purpose of Oliver Mellors:

He not only follows but represents the organic way of life, and the wood in which he lurks is a spatial metaphor of the natural order, or, what Lawrence frequently called “the living Universe”.47

The wood is the vital center of Lawrence's panorama. It is threatened on every side by the anti-vital elements of Wragby Hall and the devitalising impact of the colliery village. The wood in all its virgin beauty is scarcely free from the destructive impact of the social milieu—aristocratic and plebian alike. From Wragby Hall comes Clifford with his motorized chair, to destroy the peace and quiet of the sensitive glade. While Bertha Gouts fills it with wrangling domestic fury. This sacred wood of Lawrence is an Arcadian paradise where ‘Lovers’ meet and embrace. The
blossoming of flowers, the fertility in animal, flower and tree alike prepare us for the meeting of Mellors and Lady Chatterley. This is a process which, with the sexual consummation of their love will lead them back to their own personal Eden. Constance Chatterley comes upon the game-keeper all of a sudden. During a walk with Clifford, Mellors seems to come upon them like ‘a threat’:

A man with a gun strode swiftly, softly out after the dog, facing their way as if about to attack them; then stopped instead, saluted, and was turning down hill. It was only the game-keeper but he had frightened Connie, he seemed to emerge with such swift menace.48

Mellor’s introduction leaves Connie into no doubt about the vigour and vitality of the man: “Curiously full of vitality, but a little frail and quenched. Her woman’s instinct sensed it.” However, Connie is still wrapped in her gloom of nothingness. She barely registers his presence except as a "threat." However, her second encounter with Mellors shook her with a rush of awareness. What her conscious mind rejects her womb accepts. She is strangely moved by the sight of Mellors washing himself:
Perfect, white, solitary nudity of a creature that lives alone, and inwardly alone. And beyond that, a certain beauty of pure creature. Not the stuff of beauty, not even the body of beauty, but lambency, the warm, white flame of single life, revealing itself in contours that one might touch: a body!\textsuperscript{49}

This awareness brings home to Constance the life she had ignored—the life of her body. She returns home, strips off her clothing and examines her body inch by inch. Sadly, she acknowledges the fact that her body had become meaningless. She had been defrauded by the “mental life”.

This episode becomes the point of departure for Lady Chatterley. She rebels against the "non existence" of Clifford which had been threatening her existence. Her forays into the wood coincide with her emergent awareness:

Ye must be born again! I believe in the resurrection of the body! Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it shall by no means bring forth. When the crocus cometh forth I too will emerge and see the sun.\textsuperscript{50}
Lady Chatterley is thus convinced of the possibility of the resurrection—rebirth of the body. The identification between the woods and the fecund woman is complete. Sitting with her back to a young pine tree, she is stirred as it sways against her, “elastic and powerful, rising”. The distinctly phallic overtones foreshadow the phallic rituals which take place in the later sexual scenes.

A noteworthy point in this context is that both Connie and Mellors have been badly scarred by their previous experiences and there is much hesitation in their tentative relationship. Mellors keeps himself busy to his allotted task, while Connie returns over and over again to watch him at work. The game-keeper keeps himself back, distrustful of the new unfamiliar sensations (libidinal sensations)—the impulses which had lain dormant in him. The turning point in their relationship occurs when Constance takes up the new born pheasant chick in her hands, bows herself down and weeps. A woman whose rich natural instincts had to be kept in abeyance since they found no emotional outlet:

“There!” he said, holding out his hand to her. He took the little drab thing between her hands, and there it stood, on its impossible stalks of legs, its atom of balancing life trembling through its almost weightless feet
into Connie's hands. But it lifted its handsome, clean shaped little head boldly, and looked sharply round, and gave a little "peep". "So adorable! so cheeky!" she said softly. The keeper, squatting besides her was also watching with an amused face the bold little bird in her hands. Suddenly he saw a tear fall on to her wrist.⁵¹

Mellors, who had given up the life of the blood, is touched to the quick in a flood of overwhelming desire. He comes to a new realisation which despite misgivings leads him to begin life anew. Now, both Mellors and Connie are a bit different with their new found tenderness—in the face of a hostile world. The consummation of their love leaves Mellors with an overriding sense of peace and Lady Chatterley with a number of questions. "Was it real? Why was this necessary?" and finally the acceptance that she was "to be had for the taking." Julian Moynahan in *The Deed of Life* analyses the deeper implications of the statement;

This phrase, so often employed cynically, expresses here a change which is in the final analysis deeply spiritual in implication. A Lady yields her favours to surly game
keeper: a woman yields up her self to life and is saved.”

In this way Lady Chatterley has been awakened, restored to a life of vigour and vitality by the kiss of a stranger.

An important aspect of relationship between Mellors and Connie is that Mellors is little interested in “her Ladyship”, only the “woman” in her:

He was kind to the female in her, which no man had ever been. Men were very kind to the person she was, but rather cruel to the female, despising her or ignoring her altogether. Men were awfully kind to Constance Reid or to Lady Chatterley; but not to her womb they weren't kind. And he took no notice of Constance or of Lady Chatterley; he just softly stroked her loins or her breasts.

Mellors ignoring her external personality, her social facade, concentrates upon the "woman", the feminine essence in her. This anonymity singles her out in her helpless adoration of the man and her new found fertility:
If I had a child! “she thought to herself,” If I had him inside me as a child! . . . and she realized the immense difference between having a child to a man whom one's bowels yearned towards the farmer seemed in a sense ordinary: but to have a child to a man whom one adored in one's bowels and one's womb, it made her feel she was very different from her old self and as if she was sinking deep, deep to the centre of all womanhood and the sleep of creation.\textsuperscript{54}

Lady Chatterley awakens to her primordial nature. She almost rejects, resists her transformation, her resurrection in the body. Something of the ‘Bacchante’\textsuperscript{55} in her, momentarily fights him off but: "No, no she would give up her hard bright female powers—she would sink in the new bath of life...that sang the voiceless song of adoration."\textsuperscript{56} Lady Chatterley does not seek to subjugate her partner through sexual domination, rather she finds herself reborn to the life of greater womanhood.

We must note that their love demonstrates Lawrence’s belief of the power of love and tenderness. In a love scene between Connie and Mellors, Mellors decorates Connie's body with flowers;
it is not the act of intercourse itself that is meaningful but the warmth and tenderness of touch:

He fastened fluffy young oak-sorays around her breasts, . . . and in her navel he poised a pink champion flower, and in her maiden hair were forget-me-nots and wood-ruff.\textsuperscript{57}

Illustrating more explicitly this ‘miraculous touch’, Lawrence says;

Sex is really only touch, the closest of touch....We're only half-conscious and half-alive…“I stand for the touch of bodily awareness between human beings,”… and the touch of tenderness…\textsuperscript{58}

In order to understand the central thrust of \textit{Lady Chatterley's Lover}, the importance of the Connie-Mellors relationship one must understand the special significance of the Man-Woman relationship. In his essay "Of Being and Not Being" Lawrence analyses the desire in a woman to cleave to a man:

The vital desire of every woman is that she shall be clasped as an axle to the hub of the man, that his motion shall portray her
motionless, convey her static being into movement, complete and radiating out into infinity starting from her stable eternality, and reaching eternity again, after having covered the whole of time. This is the complete movement. Man upon woman, woman within man....

Thus a woman is completed by a man. She finds her best expression in a man. Man without woman or woman without man is a void nullity. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* deals with the process of awakening in purely physical terms.

Further, Lawrence sought to relate vividly the inexplicable mystery of sexual union. Probing beneath the cerebral realms he unearthed the unconscious aspects of the man-woman relationship. His language veiled and symbolic lays bare a transparent naked truth—the sexual awakening in a woman where the "blood contact" has been made:

And it seemed she was like the sea, nothing but ark waves rising and heaving, heaving with a great swell, so that slowly her whole darkness was in motion, and she was ocean rolling its dark dumb mass....She was deeper
and deeper and deeper disclosed, the heavier the billows of her rolled away to some shore, uncovering her....She knew herself touched, the consummation was upon her, and she was gone. She was gone, she was not, and she was born: a woman.\textsuperscript{50}

Finally, the resurrection of the body has been achieved; the awakening to phallic consciousness has taken place. Lady Chatterley decides to make a clean break with Clifford. The future, though bleak carries with it a promise of fulfillment. Constance Chatterley comes to a supreme realization:

In that short summer night she learnt so much. She would have thought a woman would have died of shame, instead of which the shame died. Shame, which is fear: The deep organic Shame, the old physical fear which crouches in the bodily roots of us, and can only be chased away by the sensual fire, at last it was roused up and routed by the phallic hunt of the man, and she came to the jungle of herself. She felt, now she had come to the real bedrock of her nature, and was
essentially shameless. She was her sensual self, naked and unashamed. She felt a triumph, almost—a vain glory. So! that was how it was! That was life!\textsuperscript{61}

Mellors lays bare the essential woman in Lady Chatterley. He reveals her ‘Self’ to herself.
Notes and References

8. *A Selection from the Phoenix*, p. 357.
17. *Lady Chatterley’s lovers*, p. 94.
23. *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, p. 139.
29. *Lady Chatterley’s lovers*, p. 94.
Ibid., p. 96.
31. The Deed of Life, p. 154.
32. Lady Chatterley’s lovers, p. 258.
33. Lady Chatterley’s lovers, p. 95.
35. Lady Chatterley’s lovers, p. 2.
36. Ibid., p. 3.
37. A Selection from the Phoenix, p. 419.
39. Ibid., p. 18.
40. Ibid., p. 23.
41. Ibid., p. 23.
42. Ibid., p. 23.
43. Ibid., p. 46.
44. Ibid., p. 45.
45. Ibid., p. 46.
47. The Deed of Life, p. 141.
49. Ibid., p. 56.
50. Ibid., p. 72.
51. Ibid., p. 98.
52. The Deed of Life, p. 170.
53. Lady Chatterley’s lovers, p. 104.
54. Ibid., p. 117.
55. Bacchantes were female votaries of Bacchus, god of wine and ecstasy.
56. Lady Chatterley’s lovers, p. 118.
57. Ibid., p. 201.
58. Ibid., pp. 246, 247.
60. Ibid., p. 152.
61. Ibid., p. 219.